

P.S. That invitation to come see me is still open, of course. I'll make room for you — either here or in L.B. and take some vacation time. I've developed a huge recording library, inc. some tapes I want you to hear — one of which is everything ABC news broadcast on 11/22/63.

River Oaks, Apt. N-26  
850 N. Jefferson St.  
Jackson, MS 39202  
December 13, 1975

My dear friend Harold,

Sorry it's been so long. I sincerely hope you are well and in good spirits.

I am thrilled to death to hear about Post-Mortem, at long last. I hope it will be an enormous success, as I'm sure it will be. Please find a check enclosed. Use the remainder to whatever end is most appropriate. I can hardly wait to see it. Once when we were working together you offered to let me see the first draft of the manuscript, but time failed us.

There are so many, many things I have to report. The lid is really blowing off hard these days, isn't it? I want so badly to get into the fight that my frustration is like Henry Fonda in Mr. Roberts, remember?

I will be finishing my last two law school exams this Monday and Wednesday. After that, who knows? I have developed some friends here who have connections to Senator Jim Eastland, whose committee is re-opening the case. After exams, I intend to press hard with them for a spot on that committee, even if it is nothing more than errand man. You know how much this means to me.

The headlines in this morning's Jackson Daily News is so beautiful: "FBI Withheld Facts in JFK Killing". Belated wisdom, eh? Only wish they could've caught up with you sooner. As I see it, they've managed to make it through the first few chapters of Whitewash. Which only confirms what Will Rogers once said about the reading ability of most Congressmen, right?

Another reason I am glad to see your book come out now is to balance the current wave of trash being thrust upon the market. As for Weberman's book, I will say only that I have read it, and it is not as sick as his appearance at the conference Bud held at Georgetown, only more so. The library where I work ordered the copy; just didn't want you to think I paid for it. The porno that comes through is of a higher moral character. So much for that.

Of a very slightly higher level, I am reading and am halfway through Robert Sam Anson's paperback "They Killed The President". When I stop puking, I'll finish it. Not since the Nixon transcripts have I seen such a dishonest and distorted record, only this one is not original. If you Haven't read it yet, let me save you the trouble: if you've read Epstein, Lane, Thompson, and one or two others, you won't miss a thing by not reading it. It is a very cogent compendium of all of them, which makes it about a fourth-hand package, a more remote copy further removed from the truth, and NOTHING, absolutely NOTHING new or original, believe me!

But I just happened to come across one little item, probably the only thing at all of worth, which is lost in all the muck, something that Bud evidently spoon-fed him. It is difficult to explain, without going into detail. Please bear with me as much as you can. It is something that knocked me out of my chair.

You remember, of course, that time we were in New Orleans together, about four years ago, doing some work? One night, very late, we met a man named Larry Bornstein (spelling?) in front of Preservation Hall, and he took us around to his restaurant on Bourbon St., where we later met Tom Bethell. Well, as you recall, this man told us he had sold a painting to Ruby in 1961, and Ruby said he was on his way to Cuba. Maybe I'm going into too much detail, but anyway Bornstein said the day after Ruby shot Oswald, the FBI came to see him. He was amazed and curious that they got to him so fast.

You said you had just found the FBI report on it, and it said that it had found out through one William George Gaudet, an agent of the C.I.A. Bornstein said he recalled vaguely having rented an apartment to someone by that name, and he might have mentioned it to him.

Are you still with me? Okay, Anson says in his book that Gaudet was the mysterious man who stood in line just ahead of Oswald to get a Mexican travel visa. The footnote says, "Interview with William G. Gaudet by Bernard Fensterwald, Waveland MS, May 13, 1975."

First of all, a few personal things. As I imagine you know, Waveland is just a stone's throw (maybe 10 miles) the other side of the Bay from my hometown of Long Beach. Does Bud not like me any more? Why didn't he call me, and arrange for me to meet him, like you did? I would gladly have chauffeured him around, helped him in many ways -- I know that territory like my back hand, believe me. I've lived there for years. I was News Editor of the paper there. And I was later on the Waveland paper, owned by my good friend Ronny Caire. Caire introduced me to Gaudet at a restaurant in Waveland one time about three years ago, although I'm sure neither of them remembers it, and Caire and I parted company on terms that were less than good. He is filled with bitterness and resentment, and he takes it out on his friends. So much for that. Didn't mean to write this long about that.

I will be tied up in law school here for quite a while yet, and my job, but as soon as I can, I'm going to try to come to Washington, and I will call you, of course, unless, like Bud? you are for some reason not speaking to me?

On the other hand, Bud might've tried to call me. I don't have a home phone here, but my office phone is 352-3677 (please jot), and I'm there more than I'm here anyway, except during my killing schedule of every night driving 20 miles each way to law school in Clinton MS, at Mississippi College. Our phone in Long Beach is still 863-3323, but there's no one there to answer it just now, and on May 13, 1975, I was up here, working, and that night, I sang in the choir at the Billy Graham crusade which was in town. So there.

Well please send me a note with your new book if at all possible covering specifically: (1) Bud not calling me, and (2) the possibility of my working on the committee in Washington.

Meanwhile, I really hope you're well. Sorry I haven't been too good on writing lately, but you have always been my very dear and deeply respected friend, always in my prayers. Hope your new book is a huge success, and the truth will at long last, though battered and smothered, rise to the surface completely. My best and kindest regards to you always.

Your friend,

*Jim*  
*Hope you have a real good*  
*Christmas and Happy New Year, too, Bud.*